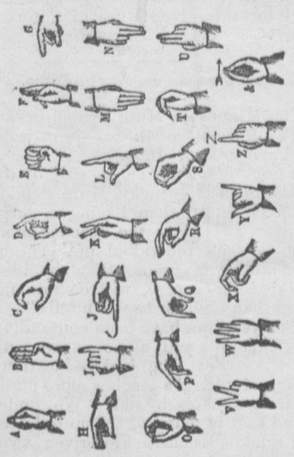
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POETRY.

THINKING.

BY CORA E. COE.

To-day I'm thinking, dearest,
Of the golden days agone,
When you and I together dreamed
Of a happy time to come.

A time when we'd be happy
And secure from every dart,
Of hate and jealously and all
That can a care impart.

But, Oh! 'Tis slow in coming,
And I fear it'll ne'er come true
Our castles fair fade into air,
And we must build anew.

For castles built upon the sand
Of gold will wash away;
But built upon the rock of love,
They'll last for aye and aye.

So let us build them up again,
We'll build them strong and fair,
With love for our foundations firm
They can not prove mere air.

To-day I'm thinking, dearest,
(Looking back through memory's mist,)
That were all our follies written down
They'd make a goodly list.

To-day I'm thinking, dearest,
Of what you said one day,
And of a question that you asked
To which I said not nay.

That was the day of all the rest
That I remember well,
The day of which I love to think
But can't begin to tell.

* * * * * * * * * *

Thus I sit thinking, thinking,
Thinking my time away,
But I must doff my thinking cap
For thinking will not pay.

STORY TELLER.

THE PORTRAIT.

A RUSTIC LOVE STORY, FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the light sound of a nearly exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all is dark in the church and when the colored windows cast into the gloom gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day, when after the rain the sun has not shone out, and when a grey tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles, and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well known forest some beauty till then unknown, and he was thrilled to the very depths of his being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius.

Suddenly he came upon a young girl, carrying on her head a bundle of fagots.

She did not notice him till quite close, when with a startled look, she stopped abruptly and let fall a few twigs from the bundle of wood that she was carrying.

"You frightened me," said she, smiling; and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony, which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young man. "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to brush back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her with a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete and often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter, still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago, a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparrow, "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with around the bonfire.

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he, resuming his work.

"Oh! you! you are a gentleman, and I, I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here to-morrow a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

She raised her bundle of wood and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut trees.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair-headed child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him, and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the young girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"It is really myself!" said she. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself."

"And that one, what will you do with it?"

"It will go to Paris, it will be put in a large frame, it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know, in the Exhibition."

"Have you heard of the Exhibition?"

There are gentlemen painters here who work for the Exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait."

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found, as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it, winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything, nor the passion which is an excuse for everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet he loved the graceful lines of her figure, as yet scarcely developed, and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in order, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is hard to leave behind a bit of one's life, of which nothing is to remain

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work which was already perfect. The picture was admired; the critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, excepting in the brain of a poet or the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness, he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village; twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the young girl it was with a smile that was somewhat sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she had fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on every one of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where, eighteen months before, he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette! a matter of grave consequence surely! She would have loved if I had chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life. He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings.

While he was thus denying the gods of his youth, he saw coming towards him, in the well known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman, in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her, holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent towards her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for that," thought he, "that I respected this flower?"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor; he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you two do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice, ironically.

"Indeed!" answered the lad, "we must live."

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children."

They went away. Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant who was still handsome, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it is with our dreams," said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is a quite fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

"NERVE."

"What constitutes nerve?" asked the New York *World*, the other day, of its readers. One man will answer that it is presence of mind; another that it is pluck; another that it is being cool and collected in an emergency. It is none of these. It is something back of all of them, and something which a man never has unless it was born in him. Instances of presence of mind were met with every day in the army. An officer out in charge of foragers or in a reconnoissance would be suddenly attacked. Presence of mind aided him to form his men for defense. He had that presence of mind, even though his face was white as flour and his chin shaking. Brave men were common enough in the ranks. Call for men to face certain death and a hundred privates would step out at once, yet, test their "nerve," and they had none.

Among two or three cases in mind, that of John Melrose, a trooper in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, is recalled. He was an undersized, quiet-spoken man, and he had that wonderful nerve which not three other men in the whole brigade possessed. While acting as a scout in the Shenandoah valley, he was one day eating dinner at a farm-house when in walked seven Confederate soldiers. They knew him for a Union scout, and he knew them for Confederates. A brave man would have made a rush or a bad fight. Melrose simply looked up as they filed in, smiled over his fix, and called out:

"Say, old woman, put on more dinner here and we'll have a square meal together!"

"You are my prisoner!" said the Sergeant of the squad as he advanced.

"Yes, I know it, but I'll pay for a dinner for you and your men just the same! Sit right down and make yourselves at home."

His nerve upset the soldiers, and after a moment they took seats at the table, forming a complete circle around the board. As soon as they began to eat he began to think of escape. It was summer, and the window behind him, ten feet away, was open. If he stood up all eyes would be on him, and any excuse to leave the room was not to be thought of.

The meal was about half finished, and captors and captive were chatting away when Melrose suddenly flung himself backwards, upset his chair, and bounded through the window. The soldiers ran out and fired at and pursued him, but he made good his escape.

In the Luray valley, just before the affair known as Woodstock Races, Melrose and his companion fell out of ranks to forage. After securing a supply of meat they pushed on after the column, and were riding at a gallop when five bushwhackers, well mounted, came out of a cross-road about twenty rods ahead of them.

"We are dead men!" said the scout's companion, as they came to a halt.

Looking back they saw four more bushwhackers climbing the fence to take position on the highway. Melrose calmly viewed the situation, and finally said:

"We will charge them! Fall in behind me and there will be less danger. Draw your saber and strike hard!"

The other dared not try it, though he was a brave man. He therefore kept his place as the scout dashed forward. Melrose rode straight at the men with drawn sabre, and the volley they fired went over him. He struck the line, sabred a man as he passed, and soon rejoined the column. His companion was never heard of again, probably being murdered in cold blood.

In 1864, Melrose and three other foragers were captured in the Shenandoah valley, taken to a small encampment, and the four placed in a log house under guard until their cases could be disposed of. They talked the situation over, and the bravest of them could see no hope of escape. Melrose quietly listened to their discouraging remarks, and as quietly remarked that he would be inside of the Union lines before midnight. There was a circle of sentinels around the building, which had no door. The sentinels paced within six feet of the building, and the one in front could see the prisoners through the door way. Melrose said that if all would rush together the sentinels would be confused and either hold their fire or fire wild. The three men had participated in more than twenty battles, and were known as brave fellows, but here they wanted nerve, and nerve was what they hadn't got.

"Very well—I will go alone!" was the quiet announcement, and as night came on Melrose was ready. Standing in the doorway, he asked the sentinel what time it was.

"You get back thar or I'll shoot!" was the prompt reply.

"Yes—I'm going right back!" said the scout, and he dashed upon the man, hit him a stunning blow, and made for the woods. He had to run across an open field in full sight of the camp, and though it was dusk, he could be seen quite plainly for half the distance. More than fifty shots were fired at him, and then pursuit began, but he reached the woods and made his escape.

He was one day scouting up the valley, having a mixed uniform, when he suddenly came upon two ferocious looking guerrillas, while crossing a thick wood. They were seated on a log, backs to him, but at the sound of his step they sprang up and covered him with their carbines. It would have been bold to bolt and take the chances of being hit. Melrose never slackened his pace nor changed countenance, but walked directly up to the men and, quietly said:

"I've got news for the Colonel, and I want you both to go along and show me the way."

"Who said so?" asked one of the men.

"If I miss the way there'll be a row, for this is important news," he answered.

"Who be you?"

"Come along and ask the Colonel."

"Well, we ain't going to tramp clear up thar. You go down to the road, foller it for a mile, and when you come to the old log stable on the right, turn into the blind road."

"Why can't one of you come along?"

"Oh! you can't miss the way. We are watching here for game."

Melrose slouched off in a lazy, tired manner. He had got about fifty feet when he heard them cock their guns. He did not turn his head or quicken his pace.

"He's a Yank—shoot him!" called one of the men; but the scout walked on. They were trying him, but he had the nerve of a Napoleon, and he kept his leisurely pace until well away from their neighborhood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Celluloid.

Celluloid is one of the most remarkable of modern inventions, and bids fair to be not less extensively or variously used than vulcanized rubber. It is produced, says the *Journal of Industry*, by mixing gum camphor with a pulp of cotton-gin and subjecting the combination to a high degree of pressure and heat. The result is a hard product of extraordinary toughness and elasticity. It can be made plastic again and molded into any required form. Any color can be given to it by the use of coloring matter during the process of manufacture. The uses to which celluloid is put are numerous, and are constantly increasing. It is extensively used as a substitute for ivory, which it resembles so closely that it is sometimes difficult to detect the difference. It is said to equal ivory in strength and elasticity, and not to warp or discolor with time. It has proved a good material for piano and organ keys, billiard balls, backs of brushes, looking-glass frames, handles for knives, forks, umbrellas, and many other articles. It is much cheaper than ivory, and is used with much success to imitate tortoise shell, malachite, amber, pink coral and other costly materials. In imitation of tortoise-shell, it is made into combs, napkin-rings, match-boxes, card-cases, etc. Imitations of pink coral jewelry are made and sold at prices much below those of the genuine. The same is true of imitation malachite and amber. Mouthpieces for pipes, cigar-holders, etc., are common. It is also used as a substitute for porcelain in making dolls' heads. The frames of eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and spectacles are made of it. More recently it has come into use in combination with linen, cotton, or paper, for shirt bosoms, cuffs and collars. The material has a hard, glistening surface, like that of newly laundered linen; is elastic and impervious to moisture, and when soiled can be renovated with a moistened sponge.

The Disadvantages of City Boys.

The following is from advance sheets of an article which will appear in the March number of St. Nicholas. The facts embodied possess great significance, as bearing upon the question of the best methods for the early training of the future scientific, literary and business men of the country,

Some months ago, Rev. W. Gladden, of Springfield, Mass., believing that if he could find out how the active and prominent men of his own city spend their boyhood, it would help to solve the problem of what is the best training for boys, prepared the following circular, which was sent to the one hundred men who could fairly be said to stand at the head of the financial professional and eduational interests of the city:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I desire to find out, for the benefit of the boys, how the leading men of this city spent their boyhood. Will you be kind enough to tell me,

"1 Whether your home during the first fifteen years of your life was on a farm, in a village or in a city, and,

"2 Whether you were accustomed, during any part of the period, to engage in any kind of work when you were not in school?

"I should be glad, of course, to have you go into particulars as fully as you are disposed to do; but I do not wish to tax your patience, and I shall be greatly obliged for a simple answer to these two questions."

No less than eighty-eight of the busy gentlemen who received this circular were kind enough to answer the question,—some of them briefly most of them quite fully, and it turned out that few had been brought up like most of the boys who crowd the ball-grounds and fill the streets of our cities in these latter days. Here is a brief summary of the returns:

Of these eighty-eight men, twelve spent the first fifteen years of their life in the city, twelve in the villages, and sixty-four were farmers' boys

But of the twenty-four who lived in villages and cities, six were particularly farmers' boys, for they lived in small villages, or on the outskirts of cities, and had the same kind of work to do that farmers' boys have. One of these village boys said:

"I learned to hoe, dig and mow; in fact, I was obliged to work, whether I liked it or not. In winter I went to school, and worked nights and mornings for my board."

Another said: "I used to work away from home some on a farm in the summer and fall. In the winter, when going to school, we three boys used to work up the wood for the winter use."

Four others told substantially the same story. As these were about the same as farmer's boys, we may add them to that list, so that seventy out eighty-eight,—almost four-fifths of all these men,—had had the training of farm life.

Now how was it with the eighteen city boys on the list? Did they have an easy time of it? Five of them did, as they testify; five of them had no work in particular to do, but one of the five says that he studied law when out of school, and that was not exactly play. The rest of the eighteen were poor boys,—no paupers, by any means, but children of the humbler classes, many of them in narrow and needy circumstances,—and though they lived in cities or villages, they were accustomed from their earliest years to hard work.

"Was generally employed," says one, "during the summer months, and in vacations, in doing any kind of work that offered."

Four of the city boys were newsboys. One of them says: "The last year I was connected with the press, I earned one hundred dollars before breakfast."

Another: "I have paid my own way since eight years of age, without any assistance except my board from my eighth to my eleventh year."

Of all these eighty-eight boys, five only had nothing particular to do.

While these boys were growing and working, a great many others,—sons of merchants and lawyers,—were growing up in Springfield, going to school and amusing themselves, as boys of their class are apt to do, where are they? Only five of *this class* are heard from among the eighty-eight solid men of that city. Some of them, perhaps, are prosperous men in other cities, but the number cannot be large, for in Springfield only five men out of eighty-eight *came from this class.* Ninety-four and a half per cent were either farmers' boys or poor and hard-working town boys.

Mr. Gladden made his report to the public of Springfield, in the form of a lecture. The mere announcement of the subject alone crowded the church, which is a large one, and the interest in the lecture was so great that the mayor and several representative citizens requested a repetition in the Music hall. When this came off, the hall was packed and hundreds went away from the doors unable to gain entrance.

Mr. Gladden has re-written the lecture and his interesting facts and logical deductions will appear in one of the leading magazines for March. He is now engaged on a "Talk with Girls" for the same magazine. It will be printed before long, and will be of vital interest to girls, and suited to their requirements, as this is suited to the boys.

A Rich Thing for Editors.

"Editors are usually wealthy," the man with the sample case remarked.

"Yes," I said, "they are familiar with all the slang and business phrases of the money market; they write about millions as ordinary men talk about dollars; they build railroads; they organize mining and magnificent transportation companies, with fabulous capital; they declare war without consulting the Rothschilds, and if all the banks in America were to fail to-morrow they wouldn't be a cent poorer than they are to-day. Yes, they are rich. They associate with the moneyed classes, they sit down at the table with kings, and sometimes, in happier, luckier moments, with aces; if you want to borrow money, go to the editor; he will turn to his advertising columns and tell you where you can borrow it. If you have money to loan, rather than see you suffer, he will borrow it of you himself. Rich, he knows the secrets of the moneyed rings; he divulges the plans and schemes of the heavy operators to the people; he roars himself louder than the bulls, and growls among the bears; his voice is heard in the temples of the money changers, asking for money; he warbles his little roundelay out on the curbstone, in a melancholy minor key, when he does not get it. Oh, yes, editors are rich. When you want to spend all the money you have in this wide, wide world, go to your lawyer; when you want something done for nothing, hie to your newspaper office. Then when you want to send some man to Congress, send your lawyer, because you can get along without him."

I paused, and an impressive, profound silence filled the air like a dream of peace, I looked around upon my audience. It was asleep.—*Bob Burdett.*

Sulphur for Diphtheria.

A recent medical writer says: Should any of your family be attacked with diphtheria do not be alarmed, as it is usually speedily cured without a doctor. When it was raging in England a few years ago, I accompanied Dr. Field on his round to witness the so-called wonderful cures he performed while the patients of others dropped off on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was powdered sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water, and mixed it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not rapidly amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger.

Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast and plant, in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closed to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling.

If the patient can not gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of the flower of brimstone at a time on it; let the sufferer inhale it, holding his head over it and the fungus will die. If plentifully used the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation, and the patient will be able to walk in it, inhaling the fumes, with the doors and windows closed. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., and is also recommended in cases of consumption and asthma.

Terrible vengeance of a husband whose wife has gone off with a handsomer man: "Dear sir," he writes, "please hand the enclosed set of false teeth to my late wife, and ask her to be so good as to return my father's, which in the hurry of the moment she took by mistake."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The war now being waged, by a certain party against Dr. Gallaudet, under pretence of aiding deaf-mutes, is the most unparalleled piece of injustice and ingratitude that has ever come before our notice. The assailant has confessed himself an infidel—an atheist—a man who has no God, who believes the coffin and the grave to be the end of all.

Though very few believe the stories which are circulated through the medium to which we refer, yet now and then some of the tales find credence among those who do not take the trouble to analyze the statements made. The whole attack has been one of innuendo, and no straightforward charge has ever been made. In all that has been said, Dr. Gallaudet has been the person assailed. Now all of our readers must be aware that Dr. Gallaudet has not everything to say in regard to his work. He is controlled and acts under the orders of the trustees of the Church Mission, who are all gentlemen of unimpeachable integrity. Every effort has been made to discover some fraud connected with the Church Mission, no part of its management has been left unexamined, every morsel of seeming evidence of mismanagement has been treasured up for use, for over two years has every movement been closely scrutinized, and yet, after all this spying and investigating, nothing wrong has been discovered.

Everybody knows how easy it is to find fault. For the past two years, Dr. Gallaudet has been watched by men, whose hearts were filled with malice and all uncharitableness; every thing he has done has been turned over and examined and re-examined in hope of finding some fault, but none has been found. How many of our readers could pass through such an ordeal unscathed? Ask yourselves if you could stand such a test. Then look at the matter fairly as it stands.

We do not write this to defend Dr. Gallaudet—he needs no defender. His actions, his works, speak for themselves, and when his enemies and those who are slandering him are being made uncomfortably warm in a different locality from that in which they now reside, their missionary and friend will be reaping the reward that is always accorded to those who suffer in silence for their fellow men.

The Thirteenth Biennial Report of the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is on our table. The Board of Trustees, conscious of the advantages to be derived from the introduction of printing to the list of trades taught, recommend an appropriation of $1,000 for that purpose. The total cost of rebuilding the main building was $34,322.92.

There have been 120 pupils in attendance, under the charge of eight teachers. The ages of the pupils ranged from 9 to 23. Only one-fourth of the pupils were congenital mutes. The rest lost their hearing from fevers, accidents, and various diseases incident to childhood. The articles forming the Appendix are of special interest to parents and teachers alike, from the pens of men eminent in the profession, and will well reward a careful perusal.

The Seventh Annual Report of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes is at hand. The reports of the General Manager, Dr. Gallaudet, and his assistants all over the country, are encouraging and show that the object of the society are steadfastly kept in view.

The receipts during the year ending October, 1879, were $6,696.83, and the disbursements amounted to $6,502.85.

The Building Fund up to date of report amounts to $5,774.69. If to this be added the interest on the loan to St. Ann's Church, which is not reported in the treasurer's statement, it will bring the amount to upwards of $6,000, as stated in the report of the trustees. The chairman expresses the opinion that a suitable place for a permanent "home" can be purchased for that sum.

NOTICES.

There will be services for deaf-mutes at Christ Church, corner of Locust and 13th Streets, St. Louis, on Easter day, March 28th, at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M. The morning services will be dismissed in time for the service of the Holy Communion, which will be interpreted by the missionary in charge Rev. A. W. Mann.

Services will also be held at St. John's, Detroit, on Sunday, March 7th, at 10. 30 A. M. and 7. 30 P. M. The Holy Communion will be also celebrated.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss Belle E. Porter has gone to Wrentham, Mass.

Mr. Christie, of the Belleville Institution, has resigned.

Mr. W. H. Krause, of Boston, called on us on Friday, February 27th.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone was in California on January 31st. He returned to Colorado Springs on February 4th.

The Toronto *Silent World* has a woodcut of the late John Barret McGann on the first page of the issue of February 16th.

Among the many present at the Surprise party in Harlem on the 27th of February, we noticed Miss Lenora Gray, Brooklyn's favorite belle.

We had the pleasure of being visited on Wednesday last by Mrs. T. H. Jewell and Mrs. M. B. Hottel (*nee* Mabel Brearley), a sister of Mrs. R. B. Lloyd.

Prof. C. H. Talbot, principal of the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution, is a capable administrator and is making many improvements at the Institution.

Miss Jennie Kiestler arrived at the Mississippi Institution safely from New Orleans, a few days ago. Her eyes, which have been very sore, are nearly well.

Mr. A. S. Gardner, of Arapahoe, Neb., formerly of Waterman, Ill., writes that he is much pleased with Nebraska, and tells a glowing account of the agricultural products of that State.

Mrs. Emily Richards, of Reading, Pa., is one of the most intelligent of deaf-mutes. She was educated at the Philadelphia Institution. She has a very promising and pretty daughter in the High School at Reading.

The first regular meeting of the Dufferin Society of the Belleville Institution, was held on February 7th. A recitation by Mr. Johnson and a debate between Messrs. Lloyd and Calder, was the programme of the evening.

Mr. H. Harrington, of Middlesex Village, Mass., is paralyzed on the left side. The affliction is so severe that he is unable to walk but very slowly. His daughter, who has been very sick from diphtheria, has entirely recovered.

We learn from the *Silent World* that our friend S. T. Greene, of the Belleville Institution, has been re-elected President of the Dufferin Literary Society. The other officers are: Mr. Bayne, Vice-President; W. Kay, Secretary; D. J. McKillop, Treasurer; Mr. Gallagher, Librarian.

A subscriber says:—Our mutual friend, Mr. James H. Smith, who is generally regarded as the pillar and brain of the Dayton Deaf-Mute Literary Society, took French leave of Dayton, O., some time ago. Any body who may have known his whereabonts, will please do us a favor by informing us through the JOURNAL.

Among the many invited guests who were in attendance at the Stereopticon lecture at the New York Institution on Sunday, February 29th, we noticed the genial face of Brooklyn's champion deaf-mute pedestrian, Mr. Alexander Dezendorf. He was accompanied by his backer and trainer, Mr. William Frey, also of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The will of Mrs. Emma Stretcher, who died in New York City on February 18th, 1879, leaving an estate valued at $500,000, a part of which was given to the Building Fund of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, was contested on Thursday, February 26th. No definite conclusion was arrived at. The case will be resumed in September next.

Miss Mattie A. Browne, of Austin, Minn., requests us to announce that the officers of the Boston Society for Encouraging Studies at Home, have heartily endorsed the cause of deaf-mute instruction. A department for the deaf and dumb is about to be annexed to the Boston Society with variations to meet the attainments of the deaf students. All efficient instructors of the deaf, and others who have the will and the leisure to assist in the work, are hereby requested to send their name and address to Miss A. E. Ticknor, Park St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Ann Dennen, living at 332 East 81st St., New York City, was a complainant on February 24th in the Harlem Police Court, against her husband, John Dennen, who is both deaf and dumb. She told Judge Murray that she married Dennen twelve years ago, and that for many years he contributed to her support. For the past three years, however, Dennen had been addicted to drink, and had on many occasions threatened herself and daughter with bodily harm. On Monday night he become very violent and she had him arrested. Miss Mary A. McGrath, a very pleasant appearing young lady, the daughter of Mrs. Dennen, and step-daughter of Mr. Dennen, also testified, and in addition, acted as interpreter in the sign-language between the step-father and Judge Murray. She corroborated her mother's story, and said that herself and sister supported the family. Mr. Dennen assigned as a reason for his misconduct that when the liquor got into his head it set him crazy. Judge Murray condemned him to six months' imprisonment on the Island in default of $1,000 bail to keep the peace.—*Harlem, N. Y., Local Reporter.*

Mr. Edward Walton, of Illinois, called at the Mississippi Institution on the 20th ult., and left for Vicksburg the next day.

Why didn't our generous Harry offer himself for sale with the number of other young men whose names he did not hesitate to give?

Mr. John B. Meyers, of Rocky Spring, Md., is a shoemaker by trade. He was educated at the Maryland Institution, and graduated from it in 1877.

Who can beat this? Samuel Koffman, of Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y., can milk ten cows in one hour and a half—nine minutes to each cow.

Mr. Frank B. Thompson is one of the youngest of New York's artists. He is self taught. His picture of Niagara Falls (25 by 30 inches) is valued at $500.

One of the boys of the New York Institution, Frank Houck, swallowed a glass that had been detached from a pair of spectacles, on Tuesday last. No danger is apprehended.

We are requested to inform our readers that Mr. Harry White is not "Prof. Tigwissel" of the *Leader*, though he once signed an article to the JOURNAL with that name, long before the *Leader* was published.

Mr. Gustave Fersenheim, of the New York City Post-Office, has been promoted to the box delivery department. His hours of work have been changed, and he now begins work at 7 A.M. and quits at 4 P.M.

A young lady, not a Wisconsin graduate, says that the College chums are wanting in courage, and what their timid hearts fear to do they leave till leap year and then invite the ladies to do it. "Faint hearts never win fair ladies," my boys.

Mr. George W. Evans, formerly of Pattersonville, Iowa, has removed to Lu Verne, Minn. He is engaged in papering, painting, and kalsoming the insides of the Lu Verne and McCarthy hotels. He writes that he is much pleased with the JOURNAL.

A widow who lives in a secluded part of Michigan, talks very imperfectly by reason of having lost her palate, and her two daughters, aged eight and twelve years, can speak only the language they have learned from her, although their vocal organs are perfect.

Mr. C. W. Carraway visited the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Jackson, Miss., on Wednesday, February 18th. He expects to return to the National Deaf-Mute College in a few days. His arm and leg, which were hurt by his horse running away with him, are now nearly well.

Mr. Caldwell R. Joynt, late of Rome, N. Y., struck the city of Omaha on Saturday, February 21st, hailing from New York State. He has succeeded in obtaining steady employment in town He wishes you and all of your readers *adieu* till his return East.—*Omaha Correspondent.*

The friends of Mr. Page will be sorry to learn that he has been sick for nearly two years, and is unable to work at present. He is the oldest deaf-mute book-binder and blank-book manufacturer in the United States. He has been a steady workman for more than forty-four years.

On Saturday, February 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Anson F. Page were agreeably surprised at their residence by a party of friends and acquaintances who left many things. They had a jolly time. Refreshments and an oyster supper were served. The party broke up at about 12 o'clock, and every body declared they had had a most enjoyable time.

A subscriber wants to know what has become of that galaxy of stars that used to brighten the pages of the JOURNAL, "Geraldine," "Ernestine," Deaf and Dumb Girl" and gentle "Minnehaha." A letter now and then from one of those "bright, particular stars," would be welcomed by many who had read articles from their pen with interest. Has "Geraldine" at last found the object of her adoration? Has "Ernestine" given away all her taffy? Has "Deaf and Dumb Girl" been reconciled to the turn-up-nosed students? Has "Minnehaha" found a Hiawatha among the students?

The Washington College Chronicle in the JOURNAL of February 12th, informs that two "Preps" have got every thing arranged and would start in April for Leadville. In reply to it. Take good advice—better pocket five hundred dollars and come to Leadville. One will be lucky out of a thousand. The motto is: "*To Leadville or bust.*" Mr. Livingstone, who has had considerable experience in the mining business and is connected with New York capitalists, says he will be most happy to see any one who decides to "push." A person will find many needed things and spend much money. Mr. Livingstone employs four men to work his mines which are located more than fifty miles above Leadville.

Many of the old graduates of the New York Institution will no doubt remember E. Alex Houston, a brother of Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, who when a pupil at the New York Institution was visited frequently by his brother, to the great delight of his classmates as well as himself. Mr. E. A. Houston, who is now Chief Engineer of the Palisade Hose Company, of Yonkers, N. Y., was lately presented with a sword, belt and shoulder straps, by the firemen. Mr. Houston was recently elected to the office of First Lieutenant of Company D, of the Sixteenth Battalion of the National Guard of the State of New York, and the members of the hose company took advantage of it to make the above presentation.

Miss Laura C. Sheridan, of the Indianapolis Institution, sends the following statement in regard to the Audiphone and requests us to publish it: "Previous to purchasing an Audiphone I used a trumpet, which was of sufficient benefit as to be indispensable under some circumstances. After getting an Audiphone I asked a friend if he thought I could hear any better with it. He replied, 'I do not have to speak to you more than half as loud as when you used a trumpet.' I could not hear conversation across the room with it, but I can hear considerably plainer at church, lectures and concerts than before I used it, and it is a world of comfort to me. The sound does not increase with practice, nor can the totally deaf distinguish sounds with it."

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the poem entitled "Papa's Letter" which appeared in the JOURNAL of February 5th, was written by a daughter of John W. Page, of Biddeford, Me., one of our subscribers. The following is an extract from a Massachusetts paper:—"This poem was written in 1873, by Miss Flora H. Page, of Biddeford, Maine. It first appeared in *Zion's Advocate*, published in Portland, and the authoress little thought, at the time, that her production would receive so great a welcome. It has been copied, not only in the United States, but in England as well. It has been published in works of Elocution and has long been a favorite with public readers." The authoress is now the wife of Rev. James M. Leighton, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Fairhaven, Mass.

Our thanks are due to a Southern friend for a very interesting specimen of Confederate currency.

Mr. John Breen, of Cincinnati, O., is not married to Miss Maggie Franklin, of Newport, Ky., as erroneously reported. Mr. Breen intends to make Cincinnati his permanent home.

The successful masquerade which took place at the New York Institution on Feburary 23rd, was managed by Miss Prudence Lewis, matron of the Supervisors' Department, and to her efficient management its success was due.

The President of the Chicago Deaf and Dumb Association has published a statement fully exhonorating Ed. N. Bowes of this city from certain charges made against him as to his financial dealings with the Association.—*Michigan City Enterprise.*

Come, come over here, O my noble Harry! and show in your gestures and actions the thunder of your pulpit eloquence to those poor and deluded "Cullud Breddern." "Yer are mighty welcome here; we can feed yer on cotton and our very best bacon, but yer won't have none of our bright coins and de mighty dollar."

The recitation room of the First Class of the New York Institution was handsomely decorated with evergreens by the boys on Friday, February 27th, in honor of their late lamented teacher, Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand, who died last November. The Principal, together with the teachers and pupils, visited the class-room during the day.

The third tea party of the season was given by a select party of little girls, at the New York Institution on Friday afternoon, February 27th. The miniature tables fairly groaned under the weight of such delicacies as cake, confectionary, fruits, and such beverages as tea, lemonade, etc. When the cloth was removed and "things put to rights," the young ladies indulged themselves in waltzing in the spirited cotillion and other dances till the breaking up at 5 P.M. There were present, Misses Agnes Craig, Daisy Hollister, Lizzie Kierman, Lina Lungwitz, Martha Hasty, Mabel Fish, Bessie Kennedy, Ella Taylor, Grace Crolius, Bertha Lamn and Kity Logue.

From a circular of the National Deaf and Dumb Society of Great Britain we glean the following facts: There are thirty-six counties in England and Wales in which there are no Missions; in Scotland, thirty-one. In six places services are occasionally held by members of Associations volunteering. The number of counties of Ireland thus deprived is not stated. The number of deaf-mutes of Great Britain and Ireland, lacking the benefits to be derived from the Mission, is 12,388. The Society makes an earnest appeal "for assistance to enable them to enable them to open up Missions in neglected districts, and provide missionaries for the deaf and dumb." Contributions may be sent and communications addressed to Mr. James Paul, Secretary, 35 Scotia St., Glasgow, Scotland.

In the sublime reverberations of their inspiring (?) music and the modulations of their full (?) and rich (?) voices, the National Deaf-Mute College String Band stands to-day, without a rival. However, you may be curious to know what one of the greatest poets, Lord Byron, had spoken of such a band:

"To hear them you'd believe
Asses were practising recitative."

One of *them* is sojourning (?) in Raleigh, and devoting a larger portion of his time to the mysterious process of hatching his musical gift (?) on a crazy and screaching Banjo.

With the dying groans of hoary winter and the moans of March tempests his elegy is set to tune, and ascends in wild reverberations to the sky. And above that solemn scene, as if in a dream or a mirage, arises lovely and fair Spring alone—sad—and without a bridegroom.

A deaf-mute in Hartford, Conn., is said to have invented the notorious game of fifteen. Among all those engaged in the manufacture and sale of the puzzle, this story of its origin is current. The deaf-mute's name has not been ascertained. D. F. Maguire, the Boston newspaper man, who introduced the game in New York City, knows the most about it, and he credits the story. Two ladies who knew the inventor were astonished at the sensation the toy made in Boston. They told Mr. Maguire that the deaf-mute cut out a few sets of the wooden blocks and distributed them among his friends as gifts. A Mr. Rice, a wood turner, in Wareham street, Boston, himself an invalid, began the manufacture of the numbered wooden lozenges on a large scale. To the minds of the Bostonians, there was something more than a mere puzzle in the game; it was a mathematical study, and its solution a science. Mr. Rice made an elaborate apparatus. The cardboard box containing the blocks was lined with dark hard wood. The lozenges were squares of stained wood and bevelled. They sold for half a dollar. The inventor did not patent the puzzle; nor did Mr. Rice. Thus it was that Mr. Maguire entered the field. He employed wood-turners, printers, and paper-box manufacturers. Machines specially designed for making the puzzle were built, and a puzzle was produced that could be profitably sold for a quarter of a dollar.

In New York and its suburbs the Boston people carried the puzzle to the stores, depots, ferry houses and hotels, often leaving samples against the wishes of the salesmen, who perceived no merit at all in it. Directly it leaped into favor. To-day the men who sell it make the down-town streets noisy with their cries. It is worked upon and talked about everywhere. It is regarded as a nuisance in public schools, and as a source of joy in boarding houses. In the Legislative halls at Albany, it is said, the people's representatives study its mysteries upon their desks. Mathematicans vie with each other in gigantic equations arising from it, and the newspapers receive daily a bushel of enquiries from persons who want to know a certain plan for its solution. Reporters, in their travels through the neighboring cities, report a similar condition of the public mind wherever they go. As there is less competition outside the great cities, the puzzle is more expensive at a distance from them.

The number of possible combinations is said to be 1,307,674,308,000.

MARRIED.

At Stone Mountain, Ga., on the evening of February 12th, Miss Mary Jones, of Stone Mountain, Ga., to Mr. Henry F. Taylor, of Camila, Ga. Both mutes.

A Correction.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—At the request of my friends and in answer to numerous inquiries, I wish to make known to the public that I had nothing whatever to do with the letter written to the Editor of the JOURNAL, purporting to be from me, and stating that I would endeavor to have some of the members of the College Young Men's Christian Association at the National Deaf-Mute Convention.

LARS M. LARSON.

N. D. M. COLLEGE, Feb. 23, 1880.

UNCHARITABLENESS.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Will you allow space to one who has the good of the JOURNAL at heart in writing the following article, however much its contents may seem to contradict the assertion? Why does the teacher lay the rod heavily on the back of a little boy, or a friend administer a rebuke to a friend, but for the good of each?

I have noticed a growing tendency among the readers of the JOURNAL to use that sheet as a personal organ for venting their spleen on somebody who has been so unlucky as to fall under their petty displeasure. Whenever a deaf-mute fancies himself slighted or injured; whenever a deaf-mute hears of the misdeeds of another, off he goes to the JOURNAL and tells all he knows about it. If one has cheated another, he feels it his duty to publish it in the JOURNAL. If he suspects some man prominent among themselves of having committed any irregularities, he is not satisfied until he has emptied his small noodle of its contents into the columns of the JOURNAL. Instead of going about minding his own business, or if honestly pressed by suspicions which he might easily rid himself of by asking the "question direct" in a proper way, he will take up the pen and dash it off to the JOURNAL. This he would do in a harsh and supercilious manner that is not likely to call forth a very amiable response. The person thus addressed would be placed under the unpleasant alternative of refuting the charges, or remaining forever under a cloud which will not dissolve at any other's bidding but his. This is not a very pleasant situation for men who are conscious of their innocence and dignity. In most cases, they would resent it by a "dignified silence."

Thus the veriest blackguard living can easily blacken the most exalted, the most spotless character. Even in those instances where all that is stated against another are facts, credible and well known, the truth must not be told. No matter what the enormity of a deaf-mute's crime may have been, the JOURNAL is no place for publishing it in. To allow the least defamation of character is to encourage wholesale slandering. Slander is not necessarily limited to charges which are false and have been invented by malice. Tales which are strictly facts still come under this term, and as such they are punishable by law.

In the columns of the JOURNAL, where charges or hints have been made affecting somebody's fair fame, every one could see that while everything that can be told is described in full, the name or names of the persons assailed in this assassin-like manner are carefully suppressed, leaving the readers to infer as best they can who are meant. Such a thin disguise is worse than an open accusation, though the latter may be bad enough. Come out with the sword and buckler on, instead of creeping behind with a stiletto. An open thrust is better than a stab in the dark.

The best friends whom the JOURNAL can count among its readers, must have observed with deep regret, the free use which some correspondents have made of its columns, in referring to others whose names had better not have been mentioned at all. Whoever had read that letter in a recent number, in which mention was made of a poor, unfortunate deaf-mute named J. L. Darnall, of Iowa, must have felt disgusted with the cold, unfeeling way in which the writer described his poverty which prevented him from riding on the railroad and reduced him to the necessity of driving 150 miles with a "very poor, bony team?" I cannot conceive how a mind endowed with the least delicacy and good taste could have gone into such a description of an unfortunate. What mattered it to the readers of the JOURNAL whether he acted like a gentleman or a tramp? The writer of that letter would do well to engrave on his memory in ineffaceable letters the old familiar saying, "Never wash your dirty linen in public."

Indeed, there are some persons, to whose nostrils the breath of scandal seems to be as fragrant as Hoyt's German Cologne, and indeed so fragrant that nothing would content them but that they must publish it in the JOURNAL, or if they cannot do that, in some paper of their own. There is one sheet in particular which seems to have been started solely for this purpose of defaming a character which has always stood high with us.

The manner in which an estimable lady was abused on account of her difference of opinion has been everywhere condemned as mean and contemptible. The fearlessness with which Miss Fuller expressed her opinions, the reputation which she has won as a writer, and above all, her sex, which is at once her weakness and her strength, ought to have protected her from such an attack. If the writer, whoever he may be, had merely confined himself to an open discussion of Miss Fuller's opinions, giving reasons for differing from her, it would have been fair and right; but instead of that, he went into personalities, reproaching her on account of her sex, and imputing the worst possible motives to her opinions. Such a free use of the columns of a paper is without parallel in the history of newspapers. Remember that I am speaking of what took place before the JOURNAL changed hands and this in no wise reflects, any reproach upon the present management. A dark cloud hovers over the Hub, which can only be dispelled by some one coming forward to explain who "Bostonian" was. As long as the Boston mutes choose to remain silent upon that matter, so long will the stain remain on their reputation for gallantry and generosity, for silence gives assent. If, as is suspected, the letter was written elsewhere, why does not Boston's most prominent mute, Tillinghast, or "Student" who lives there, come forward and deny it?

There is still another instance in view. In a recent number of your paper, appeared an article on "Egotism" from the pen of a person signing himself "Lester Montrose," in which the personal failing, so common to many writers, of talking or referring to themselves, was severely and, I may say, grandiloquently criticised. The criticism was doubtless just, for such a habit of parading oneself in print cannot be too severely criticised, but who can doubt against whom and for what purpose the article was written? Was it not a personal attack, more acrimonious than the case warranted, upon a gentleman who, whatever his failings may be, would not willingly harm a woman or child, who has devoted the declining years of his life to the service of others, who always had a smile and a kind word for everybody? To attack a harmless old gentleman for indulging in what most persons indulge in, and in what can not be called at the most a crime, is neither manly nor generous, not to say brutal. What can be more base than to attack one who can not defend himself, one, too, who is low down in the vale of life? JUNIUS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1880.

How The Deaf are Made to Hear.

BY REV. E. H. PRATT.

Not long ago (as noticed in these columns at the time), we had the pleasure of witnessing an exhibition of the audiphone—the new instrument for the relief of deafness by which one is enabled to hear *through the teeth.* The experiments were then made with a class of seven or eight deaf-mutes, brought from the Institution on Washington Heights. A large company was present. The audiphone is simply a fan made of carbonized rubber, rounded at the corners, flexible and polished. A person hears by placing the top edge against the upper teeth. Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, the inventor, has himself been very deaf for more than twenty years. About three years ago, while one day holding his watch between his teeth to hear the ticking (a habit he had fallen into), it occurred to him that some instrument might be devised whereby articulate language could also be conveyed to the ear. He remembered that the celebrated Beethoven, who became very deaf was able to hear his own music when played on the piano, by holding one end of a metallic rod between his teeth, and resting the other end on the sounding-board. Mr. Rhodes at once began to experiment. There were many trials and many failures; but at last, so simple an instrument as this thin carbonized fan, was found to answer for the purpose, and the inventor can now hear ordinary conversation, generally without difficulty.

The deaf-mutes from the Washington Heights school had never seen the audiphone until that afternoon; and since many of the tests were made with the subject blindfolded the results were quite satisfactory.

As we looked in their bright and intelligent faces, we could but ask, Who hath made us to differ? More than one had never heard a word spoken until that day. A fine-looking lad was without arms, as well as deaf and dumb. A young lady heard her own voice for the first time in her life—a wailing sound peculiar to the mutes. The whole class seemed stirred with new emotions, as if another world was about to be opened to them. And when, at the close, each mute listened with an Audiphone and face aglow, the beautiful entire company of nearly two hundred persons arose and poured forth the hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee," with the full accompaniment of the organ, tears came into many eyes.

We refer to the subject again because we have just returned from a visit to the Institution for Deaf-Mutes on Washington Heights, where a class was formed immediately after this exhibition, which took place a little less than three months ago, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the audiphone could be made of real value in the case of those who were born with imperfect organs of hearing, or been deprived of them by disease. It is, of course, too early to form conclusive opinions, but the prospects are very encouraging. Some of the mutes have not been able to hear with it, owing, no doubt, to a diseased auditory nerve. Curiously enough, half-mutes have more difficulty than those who are entirely deaf and dumb. And in any case instruction must begin at the very bottom. Sound itself is a perfect blank to a mute. What it is, the distinction of vowels and consonants, and combinations of syllables, must all be taught with more care than would be requisite with a little child who could hear. We were introduced to a class of twelve or fifteen. The young lady who never heard her own voice or sound of any kind until ten weeks ago, was given an audiphone, when the professor, standing in front of her, asked with clear voice, "How do you do?" requesting her to repeat what was said. She did so with distinctness. She had asked to be taught the name her mother gave her; and this she repeated. Other words were uttered, and though she is not yet able to speak any word or sentence which she has not been taught, the fact that she can speak at all, gives promise of very much for the future.

The average of deaf-mutes in the United States is about one in every fifteen hundred of the population. If the audiphone should prove to be all that is claimed for it, what a blessing is in store for this great army of unfortunates!—*New York Evangelist.*

Small Classes vs. Large Ones.

The Minnesota Mute School organ, —*The Mutes Companion*,—in its issue of Febuary 1st, 1880, says, in commenting upon the small size of the classes in the Kentucky Mute School, "this is better than having a large number, as it gives the teacher more time to each individual pupil:" and then adds, "we predict that the ideal class of the future, will contain not more than eight or twelve pupils."

For years we have been contending, single-handed and alone as we supposed, against the bad educational policy of giving a teacher more pupils than he can teach well. We understand that in many of the mute boarding schools teachers are given twice and thrice as many as they can teach thoroughly, in order to have the more of the appropriation for fine buildings, show, and official ease and comforts: *i. e.*, sacrificing the educational needs of the school rooms, and the reduction of teachers and the increase of pupils to a class, in order to build up and show off the ornamental and less needful.

But "the world moves," and there is being called a "halt!" in the unwise, unjust and unnecessary policy of starving the educational department to feed the ornamental and the less useful, and a tendency to reverse the order of things, by going in for smaller classes, more and better teachers, plainer buildings, etc., and less of the show and feasting, and no more "$500 suppers" to visiting members of the Legislature, in order to secure their votes for that which mute children have a moral right to—education, as well as oral children, and that too, without the cloak of charity, garment of pity, or wine supper cigar bribes.

The proper size of a class—"eight or tweve"—is not so far in the future as the *Companion* fancies; but already aimed at, yea, actually utilized in the Chicago Mute Schools; where the Superintendent, Principal, and the Board aim to have only eight to twelve in a class. The average being at this writing about ten pupils per class, on a cost *per capita* of about $95, which is certainly small for the outstart, and that too, on a plan never before tried in the mute educational world—a distinct system, which so far has worked remarkably well; having many advantages and but few disadvantages. The second year the *per capita* is expected to be somewhat less than the first year, for like all new beginnings, in all enterprises, they opened quite small, as an average of about 5 pupils each.

A class better be 2, 3, or 4 pupils less than ten or twelve, than that number too many; as no State can afford to illy educate any of its children, and when a class happens to be less than the number given as a class, that ratio of the teacher's time is not lost or idled away, but enables him to give that much more industrial attention to those he has, and more than makes up in progress what it lacks in number.

We half suspect that the Superintendant of the Minnesota Mute School is riding round in the direction of small classes and good scholarship, or the *Companion* would hardly have "dared to venture on untrodden ground." If he is, we rejoice in his sense and justice, and here extend him our hand as a *real friend* of our people. And we so hope all the other mute institutions will take up this long neglected reform, and make or mute schools real ones "in deed and in truth," and no longer cheat the pupils out of their educational claims, nor impose upon the teachers, in order to make a public show of one of the greatest educational undertakings of the nineteenth century. And to this, and we hope every parent of a mute will see to it, that his or her child is not put into an over large class, to take its chances of *learning by chance* or be left behind, for want of the proper personal attention that it should have.

PROGRESS.

REV. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. Job Turner, (deaf-mute) of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, under the auspices of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," will visit, D. V., the following places for the purpose of holding Divine Services, which will be of interest to deaf-mutes as well as others.

The great object of the Mission is to afford religious instruction to the deaf and dumb, and to awaken a greater interest in their spiritual welfare.

Danville, Ky.,	March	7th.
Frankfort, Ky.,	"	10th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	14th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	17th.
Clarksville, Tenn.,	"	19th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	21st.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	24th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	"	28th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	31st.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	4th.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	6th.
Jackson Miss.,	"	8th.
New Orleans, La.,	"	11th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	14th.
Mobile, Ala.,	"	18th.
Montgomery, Ala.,	"	25th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	28th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	2d.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	5th.
Atlanta Ga.,	"	9th.
Athens, Ga.,	"	11th.
Spartansburg, S. C.,	"	13th.
Raleigh, N. C.,	"	16th.
Petersburgh, Va., (Council)	"	19th.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

JOTTINGS

The predictions as to six more long weeks of winter, foretold in a letter to the JOURNAL two weeks ago, and which were based upon the antics of his majesty, Sir Ground Hog, on the annual exodus from that nest of his, have been scattered to the four winds, and it would be simply impossible to gather up their fragments so completely have they been knocked to pieces. If the kind of weather we have had since the little fellow showed himself, and as it is at present, are any indications for the truthfulness of the *Arctomys monax*, he may really be set down as a little barefaced fraud, not worthy of the confidence that is put in him by his numerous admirers.

This warm Spring-like weather, and that too in the middle of winter, is certainly a welcome boon to many a little hovel whose occupants, instead of sitting around a bright blazing fire, when the wind without blows the most biting, are not in a condition like those, who know not what poverty means, to have their coal houses full and overflowing with precious black diamonds. What adds still more to their hardships is the fact that coal is way up in the dollars per ton, and and with their limited means, this warm weather comes to them like a God send.

The eightieth anniversary, since his death, of the birthday of the *Pater patriæ* has come and gone. In this late day it seems to be more honored in the breach than otherwise. Perhaps were Washington with us now he would come to the conclusion that Republics are ungrateful, anyhow. As the anniversary of his birthday this year fell on Sunday, Monday, here, was set apart as the day upon which to celebrate it. Aside from the suspension of the daily school routine, nothing special occurred to mark the occasion. The weather was fine, and a number of the boys took advantage of it to go sight-seeing about the city. Some of them made it a point to visit several of the Public Institutions in the city, and from the accounts they gave the next day of their visits, appeared to be amply rewarded for their tramp. During the afternoon, the Senate Committee on the Institution same over and spent several hours in examining the several needs of the Institution for the coming year, and will report the same to the Senate at the proper time. They made a thorough inspection of the building and grounds, and will likely report favorably upon all the appropriations asked by the Trustees for the support and needed repairs of the Institution. One of the Committee, by the way, a twin brother of Congressman Hoar, from Michigan, who recently received quite an advertisement from the newspapers in trying to outstrip your little Congressman, Sunset Cox, in the humorous line, is quite an adept in finger spelling. Like his brother too, he is a jolly sort of a man, and while down here, showed plainly that he knew how to make us laugh.

A half dozen or more of the lady teachers packed their satchels Saturday morning, and left for more congenial scenes than teaching the young idea how to shoot. They were all back by Tuesday morning. Perhaps this being leap year, may have had something to do with their short visits.

The Matron of the Institution, Mrs. C. A. Babbitt, has been, for the past two weeks, seriously incapacitated from the discharge of her duties by severe indisposition, and at times, her condition has been such as to cause grave apprehensions among her friends. At this writing, symptoms for the better have shown themselves.

Rev. A. W. Mann spent Sabbath last in this city. In the morning, he conducted chapel service in Mr. Fay's place, and in the afternoon, preached in one of the city churches in the interest of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Quite a number of the pupils from the upper classes attended the meeting. Sunday evening, Mr. Mann was the guest of Mr. J. D. H. Stewart, one of the teachers of the Institution.

COLUMBUS.

Feb. 25, 1880.

Answer to Mignon.

"Mignon" is a French word meaning (nobody's) darling, but as we prefer Latin we say "*brutum fulmen*." We have heard "Mignon" spoken of as an adept at "slinging the nasty pen," yet we did not think of being totally wrecked by a north-wester from hoosierdom at this early date. We were just preparing to enthuse over a batch of spring poetry from that direction, though we are fearful lest this recent blast may have caused a panic, and our anticipations may not be realized. We trust, however, that this "Mignon" may not die the victim of a hopeless attachment, as did her Italian namesake.

We congratulate "Mignon's" "beau ideal," Gus Jult, in his extensive enterprise in the cultivation of a crop of eider down on the upper story of his mouth; but our prediction is that there will be no grow—"too much shade." If the Indiana girls wish to twirl silken mustaches, just let them call on us in the Spring time "when balmy zephyrs blow."

We are glad to learn that our friend and former student, Harry Bierhaus, is progressing so well in "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" but we would suggest other words than "cat," because, like girls, they scratch when not rubbed the right way.

Wouldn't it be well for friend Joe from Michigan, to go slow, lest he get sweet on "Mignon," and the effects prove fatal. We are going to "wire" his mother a few lines and how, stating that Joe is in imminent danger of being gobbled up. We are certain that Joe ran away from home just to keep from turning the grindstone, splitting wood or something of that kind, and we'er going to have him sent right back.

It would be just killing pleasure to hang on the gate with Miss ——, of Muncie, and drink in taffy, but as that pleasure is denied us, we will content ourselves by musing on "what must it be to be there."

Belle has our heartfelt sympathies if the thing works; but we say right here, why don't some of Michigan's dashing friends of the masculine persuasion flee to the rescue, and like a real *genus homo*, kneel before the shrine and lift the load of sorrow from her heart. "Oh, that we were the lucky one!"

Turncoats:—"Well that was a 'Noble' decision of theirs, anyhow; but, *hominum sententia fallax*."

Well, yes; we know a promise is a promise, but boys never say any thing but what they can take back. Now, "Mignon" don't want those "photos" at all; then Cabinet portraits go way down deep into a fellow's ready cash and our segar bill has to be forthcomnig, so if those "purties" are sent at all it will be C. O. D.—(call on dad). We should much rather present the substance right side up, with care, and let the shadows go to the —— any place out of the way.

We can't imagine why we have not received a "komplymentary" ticket to the Grand Carnival of the Literary Society; but "Mignon" never was generous.

Miss Allie M. R. —— holds quite a high opinion of all deaf young men; has whole heaps of the *rhino*; would be quite a catch, etc. Why, almost enough to excite our visibles, but we feel for Allie "all the same," and were it possible to mitigate the distance between us, we might embrace her in our (arms) sympathies; but if "Mignon" is so sympathetic, we would ask, why not don the masculine harness and play George Henry just once to see how nice it is.

The dignified Students of Kendall Green would have been highly pleased to have taken a peep at the Carnival of the wee juveniles of the "High Class," who have just laid aside their pinafores out of consideration of future greatness; yet, we believe a Levee given by President and Mrs. Hayes, would be fully as enjoyable, if not as romantic. Visions of those beautiful calico costumes are still floating before us; but as we have an arm for calico, we would not object if "Mignon was not elaborately incased in "striped silk" with red banged hair.

And we re-echo, who would not sing "Baby Mine." We prefer girl babies about "sweet sixteen," who do not have to be fed on paregoric nor diddled on your knee.

We should like to know how Miss Ida W —— enjoyed her visit, and if she was not smitten with some of the *elite* of Ind'p'l's. *Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes.* We are glad, however, that "Soph" was not there, because he has his hands full here; then he is a personal friend of ours and we should be fearful of the result, were such attractions thrown in his way.

We should liked to have obtained the name of that Miss —— who was so horrified at finding her name in the personal columns of the JOURNAL, though we should say right here, that it was "Mignon" who wanted that "baker's dozen" to send to friends, were it not for that "*nom de plume*" which carries such a weight of *destiny* with it.

The Surprise Party must have been a success, though it is inconceivable how the recipients can ever repay the debt of gratitude which they feel toward the donors. The costumes were real romantic, anyhow; and trimmed so elaborately with a "pin back for a set off, cut skirt "up and down," showing fairy boots sticking out from a hidden retreat. In company with "Soph," we should liked to have "stolen a march" on the maskers and carried off Little Boo Hoo and Lady of Lyons; *Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus.*

Finis est, and if "Mignon" is disposed to immolate us, we can only say, *honesta mors turpi vita portior.*

SAI GAIR.

Justice to Mr. McGregor.

EDITOR DEAF MUTES JOURNAL.

Dear Sir: I take the liberty, although a stranger to you, to ask you to correct certain statements made in your paper in regard to the deaf-mute picnic held in this city last year and the year before, which were brought to my attention by Messrs. Fay and Patterson, of Columbus, Ohio.

As I feel deeply interested in the Deaf-mute school in this city, I have been appointed, since the last two or three years, as a committeeman on the picnics and, although I was not chairman of the committees, I know all that has been done.

A picnic committee is always composed of from five to seven men and as long as the committee is satisfied that all things have been done honorably and on the square, I do not see what other people have to say, still, to satisfy you, sir, the people at large and those mutes who are so anxious to know what the chairman of the committee, Mr. R. P. McGregor, has done, I propose that you designate some person or persons of good sense and without malice toward their fellowmen, either here or elsewhere, to examine the report or vouchers of the chairman and report what they find, and set at rest once and for all the croaking of those persons who, out of pure malice, seek to injure and defame Mr. McGregor. If they are not satisfied with that, I demand, as one of the committee, that they put up their proofs or shut up at once. But I do not want, on the commitee to investigate, any one, who, like Mr. Vance and others I could name, took tickets, this year and last year, and never returned any account for them, or any one who sought, through personal spite to detract from the success of the picnic. Such men I have no respect for, as they already and will again resort to any means to vent their malice against Mr. McGregor.

I will state that I am not a mute, everything I say here will be endorsed by my friend, Mr. Fay, of Columbus, I am deeply interested to see that justice is done Mr. McGregor, and I hope that these few lines will be published in your paper over my name, so that all the mutes of the city of Cincinnati shall know where it comes from, and that I, for my part, am ready to give any and every one satisfaction.

M. RUNKEL.

441 BROADWAY, CINCINNATI, O.,
Feb. 18, 1880.

Surprise Party.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A pleasant surprise party was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGregor, at their residence, on the evening of the 14th inst. by a number of their friends. It was such an occasion long to be remembered in our little community. Among those present from abroad was Rev. A. W. Mann. A beautifnl supper was served and a delightful time was had, and all dispersed to their homes well pleased with the evening's enjoyment. The idea of getting up a party was originated by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hoagland, and it is to them that success was due. Many said it was the first time that they had a surprise party in Cincinnati.

A SPECTATOR.

A CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: I, the undersigned, do hereby challenge M. H. Maher, of Waterbury, Conn., or any deaf-mute in the United States to walk me for from 5 to 25 miles, for from $50 to $250 a side, and the Championship, the match to take place in a suitable hall, or rink in Boston, New York or Cincinnati, the winner to receive the main stake and all the gate receipts. If any deaf-mute in the United States wishes to accept the above, he can do so by sending a forfeit of $25 to Mr. Wallace H. Krause, with Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston, Mass. My money is ready at any time, and if the above is not accepted within 30 days, I shall claim the championship of the United States. It seems strange to me that where there are so many would-be-pedestrians that some don't accept.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE,
Pedestrian.

BOSTON, Feb. 26, 1880.

A LETTER FROM ERIE, PA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If there is room for the insertion of my letter in your wide worldly paper I would like you to print it. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to write some for your paper respecting the deaf-mute matters of Erie county, Pa. Several mutes live here who have been well educated in Erie City, a few of whom I have met since I left Philadelphia last summer.

Mr. Herbert M Mallick, of North East, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution and who left the National Deaf-Mutes' College, is learning to be a printer now. He learns printing very rapidly, and is considered the best apprentice in the office. His editor thinks the deaf-mutes can print right and spell very well without using the dictionary, but they do use it sometimes. He wants to keep him (Herbert) in the office as long as he lives. He is very steady at his work.

Miss Alice E. Annis, a deaf-mute artist of Erie, has gone back to Phila. to be educated. She learns drawing and painting and is the best artist in the Institution, in my belief. She was admitted to the school of design for women last year. She has been there one year and six months. Hope she will attend it two years longer. Maybe she will be equal to H. Humphrey Moore in a few years. She sent her mother a picture of a fine group of autumn flowers which she drew from nature in water colors. When I called to see her mother, she showed it to me. What a very beautiful group of flowers it is!

Mr. Eddie R. Carroll, an Ohio graduate, who left the College at the same time Herbert did, has moved to Cleveland, Ohio, from Corry, Pa. He is a printer by trade, if I am not mistaken. He is really an intelligent young fellow.

Miss Jennie V. Hubbard, of Corry, Pa., thirty-nine miles from Erie, who graduated from the Ohio Institution, has returned home from her visit to her relations and friends in Ohio. She enjoyed her visit first-rate for two months, as she had not been there since she took leave of her school at the expiration of her term.

Some time ago, I was up to Corry on a visit to her and had a good time. She says there are a few mute neighbors near her, namely, Misses Roe and Hatch, and Messrs. Eddy, L. Smith and E. Smith.

Miss Hattie Roe and Mr. J. H. Eddy are teachers of deaf-mutes at Rome, New York, and graduates of the N. Y. Institution.

Lincoln Smith, educated at the Pennsylvania Institution, is improving in health very fast. He lives on a farm, has grown large and tall, and is a good artist. Elmer Smith, not a brother to Lincoln, is a pupil at the New York Institution, though I never saw him.

Mr. and Mrs George N. Burwell, of Lundy's Lane, about twenty-five miles from Erie, are both New York graduates of many years ago, whom I have not met since I came home. Don't know what has become of them.

Mr. and Mrs. George Greenfield, who live in Edinboro, fifteen miles from Erie, were both educated at the Pennsylvania Institution, but I have not seen them yet.

Mr. Willard Hart is a manual alphabet agent, sells one card for ten cents. It is too dear for one card. He is a married man. Don't know whether his wife is at Wilmington, Del., or at home.

Oh! how I wish there was a church service for mutes in Erie City as in other cities. If the mutes hold nearer together, I would send word for Rev. Mr. Mann to hold service here. Now, Rev. Mr. Mann, you see how far from Erie they live. There are thirteen deaf children in the city attending school every day to learn articulation, but they cannot understand the sign-language.

ONE OF THE ERIEITES.

Michigan Letter.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Spring has returned in Michigan. Robins were seen in this village last week.

The sham deaf-mute who went on a begging expedition through Conway has been arrested, and is now in the palace sage at Howell. Deaf-mute dead-beats, both sham and real, will find Michigan a hard State to obtain a living without work.

Leap year belles are fearful now out here, all have red noses not turned up. Will "Mignon" of Indiana please send a few of those darlings down here, who are to be soon the "very soul of elegance," and oblige yours respectfully.

SLY.

REPLY TO R. P. McGREGOR.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Wishing to see truth and justice vindicated, we claim the privilege of throwing light on the affairs which Mr. McGregor seems to have avoided making known as shown by his explanation in the JOURNAL of last week. "It strikes us" that he claims to know all he knows about the picnics and still further, a great deal more than the subscribers who have been unfortunately driven to suspect him by his long avoidance to make a statement of the proceeds. The impression has seemingly prevailed to some extent that the proceeds were to have been taken up for publication immediately after the picnics, and the funds to have been put into the hands of a trusty man for safe-keeping.

If the "four hundred dollars" is news to him as he claims, the "three hundred dollars" is news to us, for we venture to remark that there was a great deal more than that little amount, collected from "both of the picnics."

Again, he denies the declination to make a statement, but why did he not call a meeting of the committee, to make a favorable report while he had an opportunity to do so, and not make public? Two members of the committee have just informed us that they had been waiting for such meeting to arrange for a statement of the proceeds, which have been long enough awaited and is now legally demanded in behalf of the subscribers, as appeared in the JOURNAL of January last. No call for the meeting has been made since. Such is a good authority which no one can defy. It is a strong argument why he has not made a good report since to-day.

We have had the curiosity to note that Mr. McG. has the audacity to invite them to come to him and ask, in a "dignified manner" to be furnished with the desired information, while he claims to know everything without requiring the appearance of the committee for a settlement. For the sake of good morals, we do not feel called to ask him for such statement, while it is not yet vouched by the committee, but we consider it his duty to tell us what he has done with the money. As for "a real part of the money walking around on the backs of the children," Mr. McG. ought to know that we have nothing to do with the benefits that, we know, necessitate the relief of the unfortunate children, and yet our aim is to see "a correct statement made."

The truth is, that he has been allowed sufficient time to prepare for a statement of the proceeds, and yet we do not regret that we have seen fit to rush into print, for we believe that the money has not yet been passed to the relief of the children.

Not fifteen dollars, and probably more, of the amount collected from the previous picnic have yet been returned by one or two members who had sold the tickets and used the money afterwards, thinking themselves as good as the little children.

It is sufficient to say that the "subscribers," who have a right to claim the privilege of seeking the information on that subject, because of their own contributions, are the very ones who did not refuse, but did help buying the tickets, though they did not feel like selling as many tickets as they did two years ago, owing to the fact that there had been no statement made concerning the proceeds of the previous picnic.

Above all, they did the best they could, to bring the matter to light.

We cannot see why Mr. Mc G. is not bound, as he says, to make such statement to these wide-awake subscribers, while there is yet no good man authorized to take charge of the funds.

"If we want to know something wrong, we know you, Mr. Editor, will gladly publish such for the good."

In behalf of many subscribers.

J. C. BARKLEY.

CINCINNATTI, O. Feb. 25, 1880.

Mr. White Declines.

Mr. Henry White desires to say, in reference to the banquet proposed by Mr. Donnelly: While I am sensible of the deep and generous feeling which prompted the proposal and appreciate it, I do not feel myself deserving of so much honor, and as my engagements will not permit me to be absent from college for the four or five days during Easter holidays, I shall have to decline the proposed honor. Not being an Oliver Wendell Holmes, but as yet a "youth to fame and fortune unknown," such an honor is too much. Thanking my generous but indiscreet friends for this token of their good feeling, I am,

Sincerely yours,
HENRY WHITE.

ROME INCIDENTS

There was something in the wind, which I could not tell you last week, because it was a secret. Even then if I had not been a man I could not have held it so long. If I had been one of the sweet ones, I should have told it to a dozen dearest friends just in time to spoil it all; all honor to my breeches, I didn't. As Solomon says, "there is a time for everything." So now is my time to tell tales.

Our girls and boys had been reading in this paper about the surprise parties they have had all around, week after week, and finally it struck them that they might have one too. First, who would we surprise. Since the pupils could not very well go out of the city, it must be some one near by. It was unanimously decided that our popular Instructor, Mr. Seliney, and his little wife should be the victims. Misses Randall and Semple formed the managing Committee. Friends were invited from Syracuse, Utica and other places. The hat went round, and its contents went to furnish us with rations, for we must be merciful to our victim, you see, it would not do to scare him to death and then eat him up.

Saturday eve, St Valentine's, was the time fixed; and fortune favored us with a cold snap, which disposed of the mud and damp of previous days and left enough of Jack Frost in the air to just bring the roses to our misses cheeks. At seven o'clock, precisely, the attacking party took up its line of march for Professors row, and arrived in good shape at the doomed house. The maidservant let us in quietly and we took possession of the premises and formed an ambuscade in the parlors. Then somebody went in for him and found him engaged in deadly strife with—his better half? oh, no!—a tramp? no!—his mother-in-law? not quite!—what then! you gasp—oh, with Mr. Alphonso Johnson over a chess board. Attacked in the rear by a bevy of fair conspirators, he could but surrender at their discretion. Entangled in their meshes, he was drawn into the parlor. Then we went for him, and before he could say "Jack Robinson" were shaking him by every available corner. He came out all right however, and then with his little wife, who was as much surprised as himself, greeted every one in turn. Then the phalanx broke, and little groups of chatterboxes, or rather, I should say, windmills formed, and everybody enjoyed himself with all her might. Miss Roe proposed we should play "who's got the button," and it was fairly under waywhen a belately reinforcement of Syracuse boys came in. Then there was more greeting and handshaking all round. We were just ready to settle down to play when lunch was announced. We all sat down, backs to the wall, like good children, and after being supplied with plates, a committee of the fairest girls, among which were, Ella Randall, Mary Semple, served us with good things. First came a stack of sandwiches, which two or three rounds failed to half demolish. Then sponge cake; then cream cake; thin jelly cake; thin marble cake—but at this point, I lost my reckoning and only knew we came out with nuts and candies, and Master Martin Minkle served us with lemonade. Then the fun was fast and furious, jokes cracked like firecrackers, bon-bons popped like little blunderbusses, and everybody was as happy as if they were just going to be married.

A bag of candy kisses was hung to the ceiling, and the company in turn tried to bring it down with a cane, blindfolded, those who failed were fined. Among the doughty warriors who wielded the shilelah in vain were Messrs. Seliney, Rumrill, Knight, Story, Miles, Eddy, Johnson and Benedict, Mrs. Seliney, Mrs. Smith, and others. At last Martin Minkle brought it down, and there was a scramble, and our shins were kicked and our corns crushed, and for it all could not get a single kiss. Mr. Seliney took the Judges chair and gave out the penalties for the forfeits. Another ring was formed, and they indulged in a game of forfeits, using a twirling tin.

At a seasonable hour the pupils returned to the Institution to bed, and the grown up folks kept up the fun till the last gasps of the dying day, when final good-byes were said and the party broke up. Among those present, were, Miss Kittie Beardsley, of Union Springs, Miss Clara Mather, of Utica, Messrs. Rumrill, Miles, Connor and Brown, of Syracuse, the teachers of the Institution, and a dozen older pupils.

I can't omit one incident. When the last party returned to the Institution, while talking in the hall, a young lady visitor, who shall be nameless, got hung on a hook by her tresses, (or waterfall, to be plain). She was in a dilemma, but fortunately a young man was around who was able to lift her off, and willing, too. Thus was proved the *bona-fidity* of her wavy locks—How true it was in this case, that:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, it might have been."

But it wasn't, so it is all right, only ladies with back hair should beware of surprise parties.

Misses Beardsley and Mather stayed with us a few days, renewing their acquaintance with us. The first left us Monday, the latter Tuesday, to our regret, and the hope of seeing them again among us sometime.

Now I have said my say. How do you like our surprise party?

RUSTICUS.

ROME, Feb. 21, 1880.

MASQUERADE SURPRISE PARTY.

On Feburary 27th, a masquerade surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, of Harlem, New York.

About a week previous invitations were sent out to various parties in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities, in response to which the gathering of the 27th took place.

The party numbered about sixty persons, nearly all of whom were deaf-mutes. A great many came in ordinary dress while the following appeared in costumes:

Mrs. Frank Roberts, Genevra; Geo. Witschief, Hunter; Charles Haar, Hunter; A. Ekardt, Jew; W. E. Genet, Negro; F. Klingman, Washington; T. Holland, Irishman; Margaret Wilson, Pink Domino; M. Hanneman, Hungarian; Mary Liebel, Eastern Princess; James Hogan, Jew; Clara Rosch, Vivandiere; Ella Cannon, Vanity Fair; A. Guggenheimer, Clown; F. Hoffman, Pantaloon; Joe Pospesil, Yankee; Jennie Leach, Spanish Princess; L. Schwerer, Clown; Emma Huebler, Huntress; Hannah Pospesil, Bohemian Girl; Clara Brady, Peasant Girl; Philip Tobin, Indian Chief; Henry Frey, Polish Jew; Leonora C. Gray, Flower Girl; B. Clarke, "Cleopatra;" W. L. Waters, Chinaman; Mrs. W. E. Genet, Apple Woman; J. M. Colby, Juvenile; J. Donohue, Chinese Mandarin; A. T. Banner, Mongolian; Rachel McIlvaine, Witch; Mrs. Kearth, Negress; John A. Clarke, Indian Chief.

Masks were removed at ten o'clock sharp, and supper was served shortly afterwards at which toasts were given and responded to.

Music and dancing were indulged in till a late hour, when all dispersed to their homes vowing it was the most enjoyable affair of the kind they had ever attended.

Among the guests present, who did not appear in costume, were Mr. W. H. Krause, of Boston, John Witschief, E. J. Hallicy, Misses Maggie and Hannah Conor, Thomas Brown and sister, and the Editor of the JOURNAL.

G. L. Reynolds, John Wilkinson, G. P. Lockwood, T. Froehlich, the Committee who had charge of the affair, managed the party in a most admirable manner, and it is to their indefatigable efforts that the great success of the sociable was due.

HARLEM.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Every time I have taken up my pen for the JOURNAL, which by the way, in my opinion is improving rapidly, a holiday has visited us and passed pleasantly by some novel entertainment, and for this reason I apologize to the readers least they may be inclined to think our halls of learning are given up entirely to amusement. Study has been going on uninterruptedly even since we welcomed the New Year till St. Valentine's day came around, calling the most attentive minds from their books to a dreamland of imagination, while Cupid played an active part through the mail, bringing countless, unexpected, passionate declarations. One hundred and forty girls, ranging from 8 to 20, receiving valentines in one room, is a scene too well remembered by former pupils, whom this, alone may interest, to render it necessary for me to describe it; but something uncommon marked the last one, about ten of the most popular girls refused to show their valentines. What could be the meaning of this? These young ladies are members of the Society known as the Y. L. L. S., and they had resolved to do away with the old fashioned way. In the evening they assembled in the parlor, with a few invited friends, where they found their valentines spread on the table, they having sent them to the President without envelopes, before they assembled. The game was a very amusing one, whoever could pick out a valentine and tell whose it was, was permitted the honor of dancing with the person.

Some were fortunate enough to have sent a valentine to the one they wished most to dance with, while others, having lost all opportunity to gain the floor, settled down to talk with an air of ill-concealed disappointment One of the most attractive valentines in the group belonged to Miss H. K. Whitman, a large fragrant boquet telling its own passionate tale and perhaps a tinted note between the leaves, which your correspondent was not permitted to see; Miss Annie Wells' delicate tea roses—and Miss Foley's, a single rose bud in geranium leaves from an unknown one—also excited much admiration. This evening we intend to have another entertainment given by the boys in the girls play-room, and some one is proposing a leap year party for Saturday, the 28th.

A week or so ago three young ladies accompanied by their teacher went to see Bright Eyes lecture on the wrongs done to her race, and after the lecture, were introduced to her and Standing Bear, the Chief. On being questioned after their return to tell what effects the lecture had on them they promptly replied, "it was too cold to take their audiphones with them, therefore they heard nothing." "What! Oh, what!" we are asked "are the girls of the high class coming to." Recently their instructor absented himself from the class room and they immediately began an arithmetical debate on black boards—who ever heard of the like before? One of the latest rules introduced is that every girl shall spend half an hour on the playground every day before dinner. While the ground was covered with snow the half hour made every one look sharp, and by the queer account of accidents that happend to the first division of the above mentioned class, they appeared not to exhibit so much skill in a snow ball match as in the class room. The first day one returned from the ground with a bruised forehead, and another with a lip swollen to the size of Mary Jane's faithless H—— in his latest photograph, and still another, with eyes all bedewed with tears made her appearance with the story that she got fast in a marsh, where she was compelled to stay until the others had satisfied themselves with their wicked little balls. Well never mind if they are not so skillful in our amusements, they can at least beat any in turning domestic labor into amusements of the rarest kind. A whisper is going on that the attire and hands of the girls of the first division indicate that they do not walk by line and rule in domestic affairs, and one whose kindly eye or ear is ever ready to listen to gossip, succeeded in having the whole class marched to the dish pan in the same month, thinking of the greatest punishment inflicted on mankind, since the fabled gods doomed some wretched male to dwell on earth in the form of a woman. But our plotter's revenge I fear is not so sweet as intended, for the girls being too proud to grumble at a trifle, were delighted that they would be able to join one another in study as well as in work, and each playfully assumed the radiant smiles of a drawing-room belle. They may now be seen daily in white aprons and their sleeves rolled above their dimpled elbows, trying races to see who can wash the most dishes in a given number of minutes. O dear me, how clumsy my pen is! Poor workmen are always said to blame their tools, so I suppose the fault lies with my hands, but whose hands would be faultless after washing seven or eight hundred dishes in soft soap, and drying them in taffy, to please our gallant believers in woman's rights which prevents them from doing it themselves. Miss Whitman came out victorious in the cup and saucer line last week. She washed 118 cups and saucers in 16 minutes and 49 seconds. The girls at a certain table keep up a regular rhythmical chime which one has put to words.

"Scour the knives, the forks are coming,
And the spoons are on the way,
Slam the tin kettles on the table,
And hurry the dish-pans all away."

Sunday School is improving greatly owing to the good order the girls keep, and the warm interest Miss Boardman, a member of the Ladies' Committee, and Miss Kirby take in it. Over one hundred girls have received new catechisms, and the Y. L. L. S. library has been presented with fifty new volumes of nice reading books by the American S. S. Union. The Chicago *Letter*, a nice illustrated paper, from the Editor has found its way to our reading room, also the JOURNAL, and we hope both papers will accept our thanks.

Mr. Stevenson and Miss Kerby, our kind matron, have the kind sympathies of all connected with the Institution, owing to the sore affliction fallen upon them: death snatched from the former a son, who was a promising young man, and from the latter, a kind and loving sister, whose place can never be filled.

Bella L——

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21, 1880.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit, Mich.,	March	7th.
Flint, "	"	8th.
Jackson, "	"	9th.
Chicago, Ill.,	"	14th.
Rockford, Ill.,	"	15th.
Waukegan, Ill.,	"	16th.
Plymouth, Ind.,	"	18th.
Cleveland, O.,	"	21st.
"	"	25th.
St. Louis, Mo	"	28th.
Marion, Ohio,	April	1st.
Bellefontaine, O.	"	2nd.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	"	4th.
Muncie, "	"	6th.
Corry, Pa.	"	9th.
Pittsburg, Pa.	"	11th.
Dayton, O.	"	15th.
Cincinnati, O.	"	18th.
Cleveland, O.	"	25th.

Other appointments will be made later on.

A. W. MANN.

24 William Street, Cleveland, Ohio,
January 23, 1880.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The natal day of the Father of his country, "the first in *peace*, the first in *war*, and the first in the *hearts* of his countrymen," was ushered in with such a demonstration of enthusiasm and patriotic feeling as has seldom been accorded it, in its general observance in the past. The early indications were very unpromising in regard to the nature of the weather we were to experience, for at sunrise, dark and lowering clouds overhung the eastern sky. Before long the rain began to fall in torrents, and the outlook for a pleasant day was very unpromising, but fortunately the wind shifted, as if suddenly imbued with a consciousness of the importance of the day, and bright sunshine and blue skies and exhiliarating breezes followed the storm. Old Sol, sending his warm and genial rays through the now rapidly dispersing clouds, tempered the winds with the warmth and mildness of spring.

If the observance of the day were to be compared with some previous celebrations, it might seem, alongside of the more noisy ones of the past, somewhat quiet in its nature. There was no official demonstration; nevertheless the quiet celebration that was held was the highest tribute that could have been paid to the first of American soldiers, statesmen, patriots and Presidents.

Among us the day was observed with more enthusiasm than was accorded it last year. Though the programme hardly varied from that given at the preceding year's "show," yet a marked change was noticeable, and for the better too, in the manner in which it was carried out. Placed alongside of previous celebrations, they would sink into insignificance; they had nothing of the splendor or even half of the enthusiasm, which were such marked characteristics of this year's turn out. Class-room duties were of course suspended, and the day was observed as a general holiday. In accordance to the usual custom, all assembled in the chapel at 9 o'clock. Here they remained till noon, when dismiss followed. In the meantime, the time was occupied in addresses by the professors in succession. Many anecdotes were related of the personal character, life and habits, of the illustrious Washington. Some amusing, others pathetic, and some containing both qualities, yet all of such interest as to readily command attention. During the progress of the exercises Washington was represented in character, by the first division of Prof. Clarke's class, as in the act of receiving foreign ambassadors and statesmen. They were composed of the following characters. General Washington was represented by C. W. Stowell, Major Porter, by Davit, the others were: French ambassador, W. Ennis; English ambassador, A. Capelli; German ambassador, E. Smith; Spanish ambassador, C. Card; and the character of an old Irish soldier was supported by Edmonston. Prof. Jenkins during his remarks exhibited a gun of venerable appearance which had been used by his great grandfather in the Revolutionary war.

The evening's entertainment was looked forward to with some impatience, as the climax of the day's pleasure, it was expected, would then be reached. Throughout the day, all was confusion, and the hum of preparation was apparent everywhere. The Masquerade party to come off in the evening at half past seven, was the cause of this commotion. It was evident for several days previous that this affair would eclipse that given a year ago. The spectacle of the evening was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of Fanwood. The brilliantly lighted apartment was thronged with figures that seemed to have stepped from the dark canvas of historic portraits; or to have flitted forth from the magic pages of romance, or at least, to have flown hither from some distant clime without change of garments.

There was a very large attendance of visitors, and the familiar faces of many of the old friends and graduates of the Institution were met with amongst the throng. Dr. Porter, Mr. Currier, Mr. Jewell and Mr. Lloyd, the latter gentleman's form being incased in the dress of a 'chambermaid,' with their ladies, were present as well as many others. Among old chums and friends we noted G. L. Reynolds. Albert Ballin, and the Messrs. Fitzgerald, Senior, Loew and Petit. Willie Porter, son of the Superintendent, was also present, dressed in a very beautiful costume, representing a prince, and Fred Thomas, a nephew of Dr. Porter, was dressed as a Knight of the Order of the Garter. From the zest and good feeling with which all entered into the frolic of the carnival, it was not difficult to see that they enjoyed themselves. And honored with such distinguished guests as we have noted, and in view of the good feeling displayed, we may well have exclaimed at the beginning of the "fun" in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

> "We're going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun and noise,
> Distingnished guests, *et cetera*, the Judge and all the boys."

And we did have fun and plenty of it, and we were also honored with the presence of the "Judge" and many of the "boys."

The matter of costumes as well as the characters acting were of the first water. The former, in many instances, were gorgeous, both in cut and style of the garments, and the colors with which they were decorated.

The character of the illustrious Washington was assumed by S. F. Sloat, and that of Lady Washington, by Miss Katie C. Shute. The three Christian Graces, Faith, Hope and Charity, were personated by the Misses Julia Kennedy, Annie Kennedy and Bella DeWillegar, respectively. Two Peasant girls, one claiming to hail from Germany, and the other from Russia, were simulated by the Misses Annie C. Bryan and Annie C. Robbins, in appropriate costumes. Miss Carrie V. Hagadorn was attired in a costume worn by ladies in the nineteenth century, up as far as the year 1820. Miss Annie L. Gould appropriated the character of a pretty Quakeress, and succeeded admirably. The Goddess of Liberty, with her stately bearing and enveloped in a mantle formed of the gorgeous stars and stripes, was personated by Miss Hannah Kevitt. A very pleasing character, and one much admired, was "Little Wisdom," and she became one of the prime favorites of the evening. This character was supplied by Miss Jennie Williams. The Goddess of Night, who casts her sable mantle over the world when men most need rest after the toils of the day, and the Goddess of Morning, "day's harbinger," who brings new joys and infuses new life and spirits as an armor against the trials in waiting, were represented by Miss Caddie B. Felver and Miss Mary Kennedy, respectively, whose varied attire they assumed. The hearts of the masculine portion were jeopardized by the fair and stately Queen of Hearts, Miss Mollie Pickens, and perhaps some did succumb. Eccentric Dolly Varden, with her attire on which were displayed almost all conceivable varieties of designs, resplendent in as many colors, was personated by Miss Myra L. Barrager. *Terra firma*, or the Earth, and her associate, the Sea, had the main points of their characters delineated in the persons of Misses Mary Whitehead and Bella Leghorn, respectively, and their attire was in keeping with the objects represented. An old-fashioned bridal couple, who, from the style of their attire and conversation, belonged to a past generation, were personated by Miss Annie E. Lewis and Mr. M. McFaul, respectively, the latter, of course, being the groom. Louisa Redner personated Queen Mary, and acted her part very well. C. S. Doane assumed the costume of a Shepherd of the "good old times," and Miss Effie Hitchcock assumed that of a Shepherdess. The personifications of Pink and of Red Domino were supplied in the persons of Misses Ella Dillingham and Maria Toles, and the characters appropriated were well carried out. The Misses Bella Fisher, Mamie Weyant and Martha Hasty, of an Italian, Chinese and Scotch girl, respectively. The fashionable attire of a French lady was appropriated by Miss Georgie Decker, and the plain attire of a country girl, by Miss Florence Woods. The Fortune Teller of the evening was Miss Mary Gallagher. "Needles and Pins" was personated by Miss Edna McClurg. C. Q. Mann's personification of John Bull, it was universally acknowledged, he well supported. J. W. Nash took as his costume "Knickerbocker," and W. Carmichael and R. Herrick assumed the characters of Clowns. "Uncle Sam" was supported by C. W. Stowell, and the character of an Indian was personated by Ike Jones. E. A. Hodgson was dressed as a prince. J. H. Dobbs represented "Goliath," and the height to which he managed to stretch himself (12½ feet) did not belie the character he assumed. J. B. Herman was arrayed in the raiments of a Fireman, and H. Stengele and A. L. Thomas that of officers of the U. S. army. Mr. Thomas had on the uniform of a Colonel of the 23d regiment N. G. S. N. Y., of Brooklyn. But the broadest merriment was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed, in old regimentals, representing the "Mulligan Guards," which seemed to have been purchased at a military rag fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast-off clothes of the Revolutionary army. Portions of their attire had evidently been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of the most recent cut might have been rent or battered by sword, ball or bayonet as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies—a tall, lank figure, brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude purported to be no less a personage than Captain Mulligan; and the other officers of the Guard, O'Brien, Porter, Donnelly, and Palmer, were represented by similar scarecrows. F. R. Stryker assumed command of the "legion." Among the other characters assumed, was that of an elephant, and it was so perfectly carried out, that the timid ones gave the creature a wide berth. The various parts of the animal were taken respectively by, Knowlton, and Lalonde. Wm. Ennis assumed the costume of a sailor and led the elephant.

At 8 o'clock the maskers retired to the reception room, and there they removed their coverings from their visages, and recognition of course followed. The jests indulged in on the personal appearance of each other, caused much merriment. The rest of the evening passed away pleasantly, and at 10 o'clock both boys and girls retired to their respective dormitories to seek nature's "sweet repose" and to dream about the good time passed.

The Century Club of Washington Heights held their annual dinner on the same day at Schedler's Hotel, High Bridge, for the celebration of Washington's Birthday. There was a very large attendance. Among those present were: Hosea B. Perkins, President; R. Carman Combes, First Vice President, David L. Baker, Second Vice President, Senator George G. H. Forster, Dr. O'Leary, Dr. I. L. Peet, J. J. Coogan, Justice Kelly, Mr. Robert White, Mr. Thomas Kelly, General Duryea, Judge Sheridan, Excise Commissioner Norrison, Mr. Richard V. Welch, Dr. Richard B. Kimball, Charles H. Mitchel, and Colonel W. R. Farrel. Toasts, speech-making and hearty good cheer was the order of the evening. Dr. Peet responded to the toast of Washington, and Mr. E. V. Welch delivered a very striking and effective original poem appropriate to the occasion, and a number of other toasts followed.

The prospect of organizing a base-ball club composed of deaf-mutes to go to Ohio and wrest the championship from the Ohioans, has at last taken root. The advantages offered by such a combination, have procured the desired effect. A club has already been formed with this object in view. It is composed of crack men, but can not be said to be completely organized yet, but will likely soon reach the point. It is called the "Hudson B. B. C." in memory of the club of that name which formely existed here. For want of a manager, the club is still divided in many points, but a union, it is soon expected, will be brought about, on the appointment of an efficient manager. The names of the men who have already volunteered their assistance and their position in the club is as follows:—M. McFaul, Pitcher; H. Stengle, Catcher; J. D. Shelton, S. S., F. M. Heydon, 1st Base; R. King, 2nd Base; H. Smith, 3d Base; C. S. Doane, L. F., C. D. Newton, C. F., C. Vetterlein, R. F. From this it will be seen that the list is still incomplete. The projector of this movement would like one of the former graduates of the Institution, Mr. Robinson by name, to join the club. All of sufficient ability in the field, may send in their names to fill up the vacancies. The members of the club will accept any challenge from the Ohioans, and will gladly avail themselves of the opportiunity, when offered, of showing them the kind of stuff they are made of, and they will prove satisfactorily that the ingredient of which they are formed is not "putty."

On Friday afternoon, there was discovered floating from the flagstaff over the main building, no less an object than a large linen rag. It was fastened "half mast" as if put there in mourning for some one, probably for the rags sold to the vender of such refuse, some days previous. Others conjectured it to be a flag of "trnce," though what was needed of a truce remained unexplained; some thought it was celebrating the wonderful trnce which lasted three years, three months, three days, three hours, three minutes, and three seconds. All these guesses failed to bring the rag down, and it remained fluttering in the breeze, as a challenge to riddle guessers, who assailed it to divine its meaning. The individual who put it there, acted wisely in keeping his name a secret.

The Fanwood Quad Club held their regular weekly reunion on Friday evening, the 27th inst. A very pleasant time was passed, and the Club was shown to be in a very prosperous condition, both financially and socially. It has already thus early accomplished some creditable work, and it keeps progressing onward in its career.

On Tuesday the 23d inst., a novelty was displayed in the principal's office, in the shape of a "type writer." It caused some criticism, but its pratical utility was sufficiently convincing to turn away the threats made at it. It will be put to some serviceable use, as soon as the mode of working it becomes familiar. GOOSE QUILL.

FANWOOD, Feb. 27, 1880.

ABOUT DOGS.

Many anecdotes have been published relating to dogs, proving that, besides giving evidence of being endowed with certain moral qualities, they possess and exercise memory, reasoning powers and forethought; they can communicate with each other, form plans, and act in concert. Dog stories are, of course, not exhausted and most always meet with a welcome reception, especially from juvenile readers.

I have recently read a story respecting two dogs, and I suppose that your readers will be pleased to read it. The story gives an instance, in the first place, of two dogs combining to perform a certain action; and in the second place, one of them understanding from the conversation of his master and another man the consequences likely to result from this action, and he thereon formed and carried out a plan to avoid them.

The farmer who lived in the town on the borders of Dartoom, was the owner of a valuable and skilful dog. The name of this dog was Keeper. So skilful was he in collecting and driving a flock of sheep, that he almost performed the part of a shepherd. If the farmer, on his return from market, wanted his flock of sheep to be driven to the field, he would have only to say, "Keeper, drive my sheep to field," and then the dog would obey the order, and collect and drive the flock to the field without suffering a single sheep to stray. He was then, indeed, of great service to his master.

Is the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good morals," applicable to men only? No; but it is as applicable to dogs as to men. Keeper soon got acquainted with another dog of disreputable character and, like other disreputable characters, he had a habit of rambling at night. When the farmer sat by the kitchen fire smoking his pipe, and Keeper was stretched along the hearth, a low bark would be heard outside, and Keeper would prick up his ears; when the door was opened, he would make his escape and join his companion, and both dogs would go away on a ramble. The bad habits of Keeper were not suspected at home, and yet he did his duty as faithfully as ever. In the meantime, it became known in the town that, a few miles away, many sheep had been "worried." Excitement spread among the owners.

It is known that when a dog once takes to "worrying" sheep, as a natural consequence he can never leave off the habit. One dog has been known to destroy forty sheep in a single night.

As the farmer sat by the fire smoking and conversing with a neighbor, Keeper basking as usual and waiting the expected call of his companion, the conversation turned on the great number of sheep that had been "worried" and destroyed, and the loss that would ensue to farmers. The neighbor said that he had recently killed the dog that had "worried" the sheep, and told the farmer that his shepherd dog was with the dog that had been killed. The farmer thought that his dog was too good to commit such crime, and shook his head at him, saying that he should be hanged to death the next day. Keeper lay still, pretending to sleep but with his ears pricked up. He had heard his death warrant and resolved that it should not be carried into execution. He watched for an opportunity to escape the warrant; and when the door was opened, he slunk softly out and never returned again. What became of him was not known.

Now I have written the story. Who will say after this, that a dog can not understand the conversation of his master and another man, especially when it refers to "worrying" and the punishment it entails on him?

SUBSCRIBER.

Marriage

A WIFE.

Young man, a word in your ear, when you choose a wife, don't be fascinated with a dashing creature, fond of society, vain, artistical, and showy in dress. You do not want a doll or a coquette for a partner. Choose rather one of those retiring, modest, sensible girls, who have learnt to deny themselves, and possess some decided character. But, above all, seek for a good disposition. No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in the pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of his life are forgotten.

A HUSBAND.

Young woman, I need not tell you to look out for your husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly of beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that is'nt worth his weight in sawdust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would, if you displayed all the gew-gaws, flippings, fol-derols, and fiddle-de-dees in the universe. Remember it is an awful thing to live and die a self-manufactured old maid.

"CUPID."

From Delphi, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am going to tell you the news. My brother, Jacob F. Arnott, will remove from Colburn to Wild Cat, Ind., an the first day of March. He intends farming there. He was married to Miss Marietta Bower, a deaf lady, three years ago. They have a little boy, aged nearly two years. I am still a single man. I am living with my dear mother. I intend to haul wood and lumber with my team and wagon for Mr. Charles Harley, of Delphi, Ind. He has 800 to 1000 cords of wood and 175,000 feet of lumber to deliver. He said that if nothing happened more than he knew, he wanted me to haul them during the year.

A deaf man, Mr. Lipp Griesheimer, of Delphi, Ind., is purchasing and shipping poultry, He said he was doing well. There is a deaf-mute boy named Trawin, about 15 or 16 years old, who lives a few miles from Delphi. He can speak, but cannot hear. He never went to a deaf-mute school. I heard that his father was afraid to send him to school, for he said that he was a very bad boy and very disobedient. His father sent eight dollars for the dentaphone to enable his boy to hear with, but he has never received it.

JESSE R. ARNOTT.

DELPHI, IND., Feb. 22, 1880.

A certain young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day while they were passing a confectioner's the swain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement, "Ice cream—$1 per gal." "Well," said the young man as he walked into the saloon, "that' sa pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

The oriental cashmeres are so popular that they are now imported in pale rose, blue and gold tints to combine with the light colors of evening dresses.

Signs and Portents.

When the crescent of the young moon sets supinely, its horns in the air, it is a sign of dry weather, because in this position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth.

This is also a sign of wet weather, the explanation in this case being that a waterful moon is emblematic of a watersoaked earth. Don't forget this sign of the new moon. It is rarely you wil find one so impartially accommodating.

Whoever finds a four-leaved clover is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five-leaf stalk than to hunt for one with four that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average clay.

When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.

An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than 12 months old. But what the average infant can see in a mirror to make it proud is difficult for any but its parents to understand.

A red sky in the west at evening indicates that the next day will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow and hail.

If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.

If a hen runs across the street directly in front of you, it is a sign that a hen will soon be on the other side. If she crosses over just behind you—pshaw! who ever knew a hen that wouldn't die in her tracks rather than cross one's pathway in his rear?

When you see cat, running around furiously, it is a sign that the crockery or glaseware is in danger,

When you drop a knife and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that some one is coming. If you are a small boy, that some one may be your mother and her coming be to remonstrate with you with her slipper.

To dream of a wedding is a sign of inanition.

To dream of a funeral betokens too much pork and cabbage.

To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream of finding money than to work for it.

To dream that it is Sunday morning is heaven.

To be suddenly awakened from your sweetest sleep to find that it is not Sunday is—that is to say, very disagreeable. It is a sign that you will be unhappy.

A great many more equally infallible signs might be given, but the reader has probably had enough for one day. The man who believes in signs is sufficiently credulous to believe that our knowledge in that line, as well as in every other line, is exhaustible.

A Wonderful Feat of Memory.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would pass a shop window and glance into it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see which could recollect the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, returning to the window they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once and glancing in as they passed, would enumerate nearly every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjurer, this enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that visiting a gentleman once in a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host:—

"Well, sir, I shall tell you without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library."

"Come, come," said he, incredulously, "that is too good."

"We shall see," replied Houdin; "let some of the company go into the library and look, and I shall call out their names from here."

They did so, and Houdin began:—

"Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco, 'Gibson's Decline and Fall;' next to these four volumes of half calf, 'Boswell's Johnson;' 'Rasselas,' in cloth; 'Hume's History of England,' in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting," and so on, shelf after shelf, to the unspeakable wonder of the whole company.

More than once a gentleman stole into the drawing-room, certain that he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; but there sat the conjurer with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

A man had a tooth extracted by a Chicago dentist, and expressed regret for the loss. A girl whose jaws were overcrowded with teeth entered the office to have two of them taken out. The dentist suggested the experiment of transfering one of the sound teeth to the vacancy in the man's mouth, and the operation was performed with success, the tooth growing fast and firm in ten days.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41-1y

Domestic Recipes.

CREAM FRITTERS.—Beat three eggs to a froth, add half a pint of cream, the same of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; stir to a smooth batter; fry in hot lard the same as doughnuts. These are good hot or cold. Serve with sweetened cream or maple molasses.

LEATHER WATERPROOF.—Melt together two ounces Burgundy pitch, two ounces soft wax, two ounces turpentine and one pint raw linseed oil. Lay on while warm.

CINNAMON CAKES.—Two pounds of brown sugar, best; two pounds of flour; one pound of butter, three tablespoonfuls of freshly ground cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of salt; three eggs; one wine glass of rose water; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all well together as for best cake, roll very thin, cut and bake.

CHILBLAIN OINTMENT.—Take of lard nine ounces, oil of almonds three and a half ounces, white wax one and a half ounces, camphor, powdered, one and a half ounces. Mix and apply to the chilblain.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of sour milk, one egg, one small tablespoonful of soda, one-half cup of molasses, one quart of Graham flour, mix well together, bake one hour.

FORSTER CAKE.—Half a pound of butter, one pound sugar, three eggs, well beaten, one lemon or nutmeg, on teaspoonful soda, dissolved in the lemon, flour enough to make a soft batter, about three pounds; roll very thin and bake brown.

CRULLERS.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, creamed with one tablespoonful of butter; stir in flour enough to make a batter just stiff enough to handle, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder; season with nutmeg; roll out about two inches thick and cut with a wine glass; make a depression in the center, into which lay a preserved cherry or strawberry, or some nice marmalade, only a very little; press the dough round it, roll in the hands so as from into a ball, drop into boiling lard deep enough to well cover them, fry a rich brown, and when done take them out with the a skimmer, and turn them over in powdered sugar and a little cinnamon. They are very rich.

Fashion Notes.

The surtout worn by ladies is shaped like a gentleman's surtout (or frock) overcoat.

Puffs are again seen on the tops of long coat sleeves, and are sometimes on the wrist also.

Celluloid cigarette cases and portemonnaies are made to imitate closely shell and malachite, and are not nearly so expensive.

The latest boots for ladies have broad projecting soles, and button on the outside of the foot instead of over the instep, as formerly.

Rhine pebbles appear in designs for a great variety of articles, from the handsome ornament for the hair to the buckle for slippers.

Locket brooches in cameo, are growing in favor, accompanied by earrings to match; and pendant crosses in both onyx and gold have their votaries.

There is an important change to note in evening dresses, and that is the revival of the closely fitting jacket bodice, which differs from the skirt both in material and color. The satin skirt will have scarves of cashmere or richly embroidered gauze, crossed and recrossed over it, while the jacket may be dark red, or bronze, or black velvet, with gold embroidery, or cashmere bead fringe, forming altogether a striking contrast to the skirt: it is, in fact, the spencer of forty years, but with modifications.

The newest lace cravat, according to Harper's *Bazar*, is a large lace bow, called the Merveilleuse, in imitation of the bows worn during the French revolution. It may be made of any trimming lace by sewing the straight ends together, and of this forming an ordinary bow of two long loops and two ends strapped in the centre; below this the lace is then formed into a jabot shaped like a fan the two shell-like rows coming together in a point below. This point reaches nearly to the waist line, while the large bow is high about the throat—indeed, just under the chin.

A Denver paper sketches the career of a man now in prison at Leadville, under the assumed name of Colonel St. Julian Clairmont, who at one time represented an Eastern State in the United States Senate. During the first rush to Leadville he succeeded in raising $15,000 at San Francisco to organize a prospecting expedition. While on his way to Leadville he was induced to visit a drinking saloon and gambling house where a quarrel and a fight occured with the landlord, and the latter was killed. Clairmont and his friend were captured, but bribed their way out of prison by sacrificing $10,000 of the capital. The balance was stolen by the friend, and the colonel abandoned in a penniless condition. He became a common vagrant and drunkard, and is now one of the jail birds hired out to saw wood for the city contractor. His real name is not disclosed, in the hope that he may reform, and in another State take his old, respected place in society.

THE SUN FOR 1880.

THE SUN will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 until December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.

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In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinion to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser with two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

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